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**PICTURE PLAY** \*

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# GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young. A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

**METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER**

MARVELOUS, DEAR! I'D LOVE  
TO HAVE YOU PLAY FOR ME  
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE



# Love and Wonder Mingled As He Watched Her Play

## How World's Easiest Way to Learn Music Won the Man She Loved

EVER since Mary joined the crowd we felt a little sorry for her—almost pitied her in fact. She wasn't popular—didn't seem to have the knack of making friends. At parties no one ever noticed her—no one ever asked to see her home.

So you can imagine our surprise when one evening, right out of a clear sky, she remarked, "How would you like to be entertained with some selections from Puccini?" Of course we thought she was joking.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. And suddenly the room was hushed!

She played *La Tosca*—played it with such soul fire that every one swayed forward, tense, listening. Bill Dalton, the most sought-after man in the crowd, stood beside her as she played. He was fascinated—held spell-bound by her playing. It seemed as though he saw her for the first time.

### A Proposal

When the last ringing chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" And Bill was the most enthusiastic of all.

She played for us all evening and after the party Bill was the first to ask to escort her home. "Marvelous, dear," he whispered as he said good night, "I'd love to have you play for me the rest of your life!"

### After the Wedding She Told Me—

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You play superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?" And flashing a smile at Bill, she replied, "It's no secret at all. I just got tired of being left out of things and decided to do something about it. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

"And it was as easy as A-B-C. I didn't have a bit of trouble," she continued. "I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."

"Isn't she wonderful, Bill?" I said. "Think of playing like that and learning all by herself!"

"I'm not wonderful," she laughingly replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game!"

### How You Can Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

This story is typical. The amazing success of the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderfully perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. First, you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how. Then you do it yourself and

hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

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## PICTURE PLAY

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## The Stars Take a Mental Test

Haven't you often wished to know exactly how the intelligence of your favorite star compared with your own?

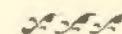
Haven't you wondered if it required a superior mentality to become a star and stay one? Of course you have: it's natural curiosity.

Consider, then, how happy Picture Play is to give you the result of a mentality test taken by the stars. You may undergo the same examination yourself and compare your answers to those given by the great ones.

Eighteen questions are asked such bright luminaries as Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Mae West, and many others. Eighteen psychological questions such as reveal character and intelligence, test questions in the strictest sense of the word.

You will read the answers of the stars, you will ask yourself the same questions and then compare! Thus you will be able to learn which star you resemble mentally, and how you rate as an individual.

This is a fascinating, revealing experiment and you may make it by reading March Picture Play. Better order it in advance—it will be sold out early.



What Do You Like  
Best in Picture Play?  
—and Least?

Write to the editor and tell him. Every effort is being made to shape the magazine to the wishes of its readers. To do so completely, nothing is more helpful than an expression of opinion, of likes and dislikes, from those who make Picture Play possible and have made it a favorite for nearly twenty years. Write in!

# WHAT THE FANS THINK

## Even Kids Go Mae West.

FROM the various comments around me, I think I am the only person in the whole country who doesn't like Mae West. To me her pictures are the most disgusting display of vulgarity I have ever seen, and as far as I am concerned, vulgarity can never be condoned.

I think it is really pitiful to hear boys and girls of nine and ten using such expressions as "Come up and see me sometime" and "You can be had." Every time I hear it I want to give them a good spanking. Even if they didn't see the picture they can't escape hearing her imitators.

I don't think it speaks very highly for the intelligence of a neighborhood which can support a three-time engagement of such a picture. Some Los Angeles theaters have played it four and five times.

I don't think I am a prude. I enjoy the movies and the theater immensely. I thoroughly enjoyed such pictures as "The Guardsman," "Reunion in Vienna," "The Animal Kingdom," et cetera. All these are more or less spicy and risqué, but *not* vulgar.

The theme of "She Done Him Wrong" was rotten, and the improbable ending! Ugh! She wasn't even a diamond in the rough, but rather condoned and helped her "man" in his white-slavery dealings. As for "I'm No Angel," the less said about its morals the better!

This letter probably seems rambling and incoherent, but having just heard some youngsters outside the house talking *à la* Mae West, I became so angry I wanted to break things, and am really just letting off steam to some one. JANE DOE.

Los Angeles, California.

## Keep Away from Hollywood!

BREATHE there a fan with soul so dead, who never to himself (or herself) hath said, "I wish I could go to Hollywood and see my favorites in the flesh." To such the best advice is *stay away!*

To a confirmed fan the stars become real personalities, not merely shadows on a screen. They are as tangible to us as our friends. We follow their activities with avid interest, gobble up the gossip about them just as a group of women around a bridge table go for the dirt about their own circle of friends. We actually feel as though we *know* them.

We go to Hollywood in the hope of seeing our favorite in person. Perhaps, if luck is with us, we catch a glimpse of our idol dashing along Sunset Boulevard in a stunning car, or dancing at the Ambassador. What now?

At the first thrilling glimpse the heart of the fan leaps with pleased surprise. A warm glow of friendliness fills the bosom. Then comes the desire to express that

friendliness, to get ourselves across to this particular person. And there's the rub.

I remember my own experience not so many years ago. I had followed the career of a certain player from its very beginning when he was a green youngster. I had applauded and patronized every picture he had done in his climb upward. At times I felt as though I myself had actually had something to do with his success. Isn't that the very heart of being a fan, that feeling that these favorites are somehow our very own?

I was in Los Angeles on a vacation trip and uppermost in my mind, of course, was the hope of seeing my favorite in person. After a few days I was rewarded. I saw him dancing at the Coconut Grove, handsomer and even more exciting in the flesh than on the screen.

When he went back to his table, which he shared with a party, I found myself wanting to convey to him my feeling of personal friendship for him, and as I stared, or possibly ogled, he glanced my way. His gaze went right through and beyond me, as though I was no more than the chair I sat on. It left me with the blankest, most futile feeling imaginable.

It just didn't seem possible that I could know him so well—every little mannerism, the funny little way he quirked up one eyebrow, and since the advent of talkies, every inflection of his voice—when he regarded me as no more than a piece of furniture.

I could have gone over to his table and spoken the little piece I had prepared against just this moment, or I could have sent for him to come to me. Doubtless he would have complied graciously and mechanically. But would it have helped? I rather think it would have made a bad matter worse. The result was that I never could feel quite the same about that player again. Unreasonably enough, I felt as though a very dear friend had snubbed me.

My advice is directed at the average sensible fan who reacts in a normal way to the personalities of the screen. There is one chance out of a thousand that you'll be lucky enough to get a formal introduction to your favorite and enjoy a real personal friendship, for these instances are few and far between. It's usually a question of staying away or sacrificing your illusions, which after all, are lots of fun to keep.

MRS. RUTH NEWCOMB.

1531 Thousand Oaks Boulevard,

Berkeley, California.

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A Los Angeles fan thinks  
Mae West's films are so  
disgustingly vulgar that  
she sees red when children of  
ten say "Come up and see me sometime."

# HOLLYWOOD'S FORBIDDEN SINS

The unpardonable crimes in filmland's social code are few, but the guilty ones are hounded till they break. What are these lapses that one can't get away with?

By Helen Louise Walker

Hollywood has found it utterly impossible to understand or condone the successful marriage of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster.



It resented Joel McCrea's long freedom from entanglements. Will they let up now that he's married to Frances Dee?

**H**OLLYWOOD will forgive most things. Things for which another community would cast you into an ignominious outer social darkness are regarded with amused tolerance by the film colony.

You may get drunk and fall on your face in the lobby of a hotel. You may be named in court and in the public prints as correspondent twice in one week. You may black your spouse's eye at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. You may stage a scratching and hair-pulling contest with your best friend over your—or her—husband. You may do other less printable things, and Hollywood will register merely a mild snicker and invite you to the next smart party.

When the aggressively virtuous citizens of other towns were baying for the scalps of Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand, Hollywood not only forgave those two unfortunates; she took

them to her bosom and defended them savagely, if ineffectually, against those bayings.

Yet Hollywood has a curious code of her own. There are things which Hollywood will *never* forgive so long as a camera turns within her city limits. There are lesser offenses for which she merely spanks her citizens, after which she returns them to favor if they promise to be good.

Hollywood thinks nothing of the most blatant offenses against the sex code as it is understood in other places. Yet Hollywood has found it utterly impossible to forgive or to condone the successful and unspectacular marriage of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster!

Claudette told me not long ago, "It would have been so much simpler if Norman and I had merely had an affair—had merely lived together without being married. Hollywood could have understood *that*, and would have thought nothing of it. But because we chose to be married to one another and to live under separate roofs, Hollywood has persecuted and nagged and annoyed us. It has punished us

Meddling and nagging broke up his first marriage, says Richard Barthelmess, and he's determined that Hollywood won't smash the present one.

Photo by Cosmo



The colony makes frequent use of Conrad Nagel's solid qualities while sneering at him for having them.

unmercifully, because it could not understand a marriage like ours.

"People watch and comment and gossip. There is never a day during which either Norman or I do not have to answer impertinent questions or deny that we are separating legally. They carry tales to Norman about me, and to me about Norman. They spy. They speculate. They won't let us alone. We must explain and explain a situation which seems to us both logical and sensible, and which has brought us years of happiness.

"I will say this for our marriage. Knowing what I do about our temperaments, I am convinced that it has lasted much longer than it would ever have done had we tried to live in the conventional fashion. How long any marriage can survive un-



Joan Bennett explains the situation by saying that no actor has a right to expect any privacy.

der the handicaps we suffer from outside interference, I don't know. But I do know this: if our marriage fails, it will be because we have been punished because people did not understand us! We cannot be forgiven because we are different!"

Rumors are rife now that their marriage is approaching those well-known rocks. And Hollywood will be pleased and triumphant if it turns out to be true. Claudette and Norman have fractured to splinters the local code!

It will take Hollywood a long time to forgive Johnny Weissmuller for his break with Bobbe Arnst. Not that Hollywood objects to a separation or a divorce, you understand. Such trivial matters are hardly noticed. It was the way in which Johnny accomplished it. He made his exit from his marriage so ungracefully and with such a woeful lack of showmanship. All the sympathy went to little Bobbe—and that won't do!

After all, she had given up her career on Broadway to come to California to be with Johnny. Her devo-  
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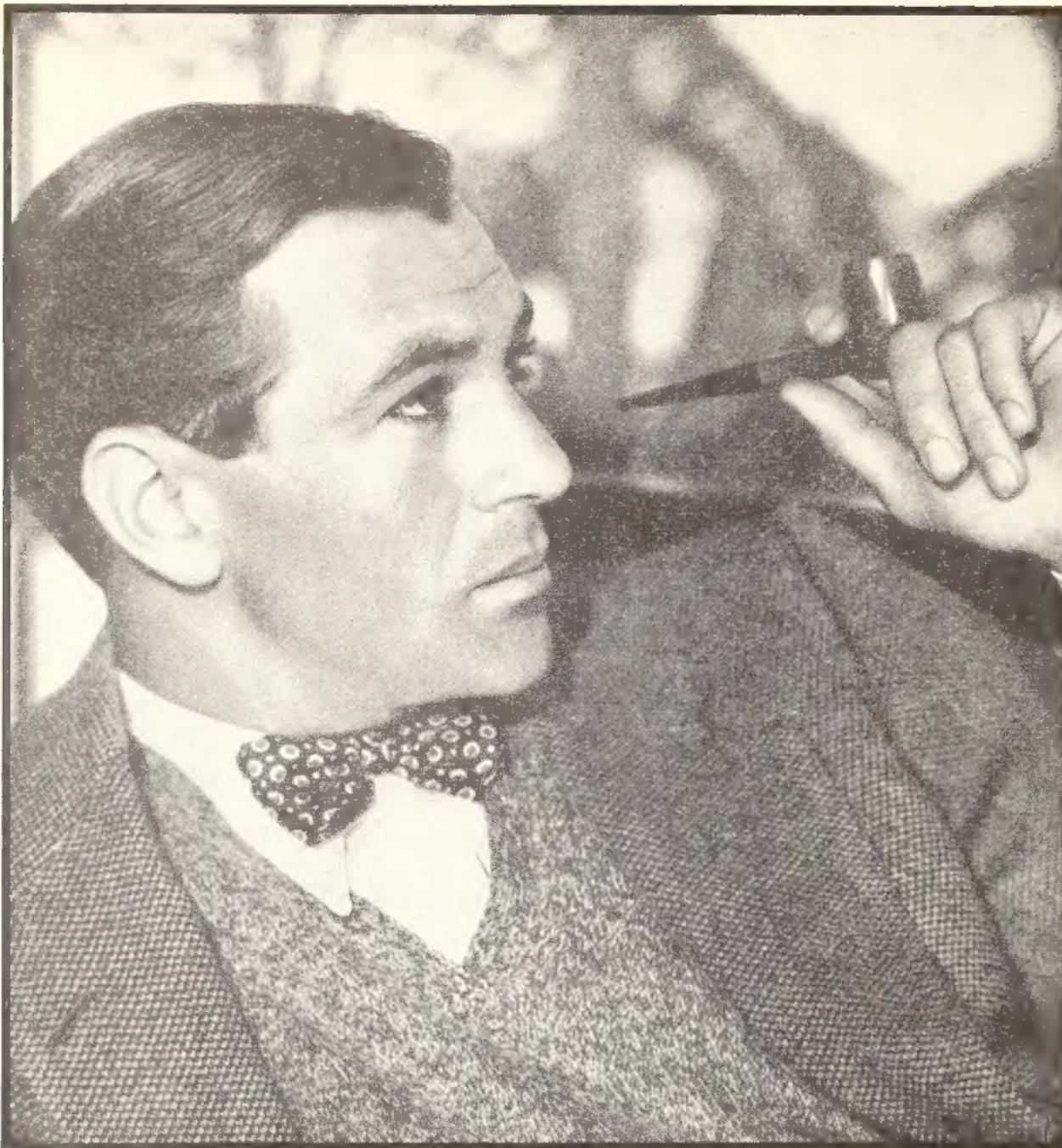


Photo by Richee

Gary's popularity is equal to a high-salaried star's, yet he has never been given the breaks in salary or billing.

**The Cooper handicap is unique in Hollywood. He has an old-fashioned respect for women which was drilled into him in Montana, the heart of the yes-ma'am belt.**

**By Helen Pade**

# Gary's Woman Trouble

ISN'T Gary a fool about women?" a girl in the Paramount accounting department whispered to me.

It was pay day. The stars stood in line with the stenographers, office boys, and other workers at a certain little window, to get their checks. Gary Cooper and Evelyn Brent were just leaving.

"Didn't you see him?" the girl went on. "It's disgusting the way he lets Brent, or any dame he's with, tell him what to do. When he got his check just now, he halfway handed it over to her. She told him, 'Stick it in your pocket, silly!' He got so confused he just held it, and she said again, 'Put your check away and come along!' She practically dragged him off."

That was some years ago, as you will have gathered if you are versed in the chronology of Gary's affairs of the heart. Evelyn was the successor to Clara Bow, who initiated Gary into the mysteries of stellar romance.

At the time, I made a mental note in Gary's favor; evidently the girl in the accounting department was another of the many who were fond enough of the lanky, drawling Montanan to be jealous of the women he squirmed around.

Many a pay check passed through that window before something else happened that reminded me of what the gossipy little accountant had whispered. It occurred at the same window. This time it was Lupe Velez. Gary wasn't there. Lupe asked for her check.

"Who are you?" demanded the cashier banteringly.

"Me?" cried Lupe. "Me? I'm Meesus Gary Cooper!"

Her laugh rang out loudly. The cashier and all others who heard joined it. The joke seemed to be on Gary.

That laugh has had many echoes. Gary's recent social-climbing activities caused some of the mirth. Letting women steal pictures from him brought other patronizing giggles. The other day at a party some people went into hysterics over a picture of Gary seated in a corner of his den, with his stuffed African hunting trophies around him and a very solemn look on his face. When some facetious scribe said Gary was threatening to take Mary Pickford's place as social arbiter of the film colony, some of the inhabitants of that amiable settlement nearly died from laughing.

And when it became known that Judith Allen, whose name gossip had linked with Gary's, was the wife of Gus

Sonnenberg, heavyweight wrestler, nearly all Hollywood howled. It recalled Gary's rumored romance with Mrs. Jack Dempsey. The little accountant's remark about Gary was oft repeated in filmdom.

This sort of thing gets on the nerves of any sincere admirer of Gary. Presently I found myself defending him by tossing bombshells of counter ridicule—always an easy task in Hollywood. Yet as I did so, I wondered about Gary.

What, after all, is the matter with him? Why hasn't he become a star in name and salary, when he is definitely one in popularity? And why has he let women shove him around? It seems to me that he is deferring to them constantly, playing second fiddle not only to the Lopes, Claras, and Tallulahs, but to his leading women, his mother, and the rest of womankind!

Although I saw Gary almost daily during his romance with Lupe, and was in a position to know inside facts about him that may now be revealed without disloyalty to the studio that then employed both of us, it was only recently that I stumbled upon the secret of his quaint conduct.

It's woman trouble, all right, but such out-of-date woman trouble! And so out of place, too, in Hollywood. All of which makes it rather refreshing, and I think it will please Gary's big army of loyal fans.

That he has a great following is no mere press-agent claim. While I was at the same studio, fan mail and the various other barometers of popularity studied by the producers indicated that he had a name more valuable at the box office than that of many a highly paid male star. Yet Gary's salary remained relatively low, and he was not given that top billing that constitutes technical stardom.

Nor did Gary demand it. But popularity such as his shouted for proper exploitation, and at last a stellar vehicle was planned for him. An unknown German actress, discovered by Josef von Sternberg, was to be his leading lady. "Morocco," a very masculine yarn with a big hero rôle well adapted to Gary's personality, was chosen.

Now don't shout me down! I know that the picture came to light as Marlene Dietrich's starring vehicle. Here's why it was so introduced. Von Sternberg had wanted *la* Dietrich to capture many, many fans. Gary had them. So Von and the studio agreed—of course Gary agreed, too—to let Marlene bid for American screen fame in Gary's first starring picture. Being his leading woman was in itself quite a break.

But Gary had hitherto been coupled with feminine stars of great popularity. His backers now began wondering whether an untried star and a woman unknown on the American screen would pull in the fans. As a precaution against a possible financial flop, they began to build up Dietrich. So much so that Gary's connection with the picture was somewhat obscured, and one powerful theater chain deliberately made Marlene the star in its advertising!

It was a brilliant ballyhoo coup. The public, amazed to see an unknown name in giant letters and a name so popular as Gary's in small ones, concluded that the unknown star must be pretty hot stuff indeed.

Few people realized that it was only through Gary's good-natured deference that Marlene used "Morocco" as a stepping-stone to stardom. His contract was such that he could have demanded top billing and the lion's share of the ballyhoo. Instead, he sacrificed his own chance to become a star in order that a daring exploitation scheme might make a star of Marlene in a single picture.

At the time this happened, it struck many of us as a

rather extraordinary Sir Walter Raleigh gesture. Letting a queen walk on one's fine velvet cloak across a mud puddle, *à la* Raleigh, couldn't have been more un-Hollywood. It gave us a clew to Gary's secret.

More recently he told a Picture Play writer that he would demand a lily-white girl for his wife—one who came to him unsullied!

Yes, you've guessed it, although perhaps you must know Gary to realize fully how old-fashioned he is, and how idealistic in his attitude toward women. Born of English parents, he was educated partly in England, and was rather carefully reared by his father, a judge, and his mother, a stickler for the old traditions.

Their home was in Helena, Montana, and the open spaces thereabouts, where—yes, ma'am!—cowpokes respect good women! Deference, respect, and courtesy to the "weaker sex," were drummed into Gary for the first twenty years of his life.

Mental as well as physical stresses kept Gary haggard and thin during those strenuous days of his attempts to keep up with such rapid steppers as Clara and Lupe—particularly Lupe. He felt he wasn't doing right by the old traditions. And his mother was right on hand to agree with him.

Came Tallulah. Came the Countess di Frasso. Came Wera Engels, and others. Came Gary's social life, and Elsa Maxwell, and hobnobbing with nobility abroad.

Yet even to-day Gary is bashful. Laugh if you will, as you look over the gossip record of his romances. In that very record is proof of his bashfulness, for Gary's actual romances have been with worldly-wise women capable of breaking through a bashful man's reserve, women to whom that very bashfulness was especially attractive.

These traits make Gary a beau-ideal leading man. In his scenes with other men his dominating screen presence is plainly felt, but never, by any chance, does he steal a scene from a woman.

[Continued on page 63]

While Hollywood gets many a laugh over Gary's attitude, the fans find him refreshingly different.





Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone hit the high spots together, but would say nothing about marriage except that Franchot will go on asking her.

**M**ANHATTAN perks up quite a little when Lilyan Tashman comes to town, even though she comes six or eight times a year. Hat, gown, and jewelry designers, and theatrical, picture, and radio producers clamor for a few minutes of her time.

There are always her literary and artistic friends who want to throw parties for her. Society spelled with a capital Ultra whose pet charity balls will profit by her appearance, is trailing her. And last, but by no means

# They Say in New York—

Aline MacMahon had the burden and glory of stardom thrust upon her.

least, just old friends gather around her at twilight with a clatter of laughter and conversation that would send a less indefatigable person into a nervous collapse.

Imagine then, if you can, the bustle and flurry that hit hotels, night clubs, theaters, and gown shops when not only Lilyan, but Joan Crawford, Miriam Hopkins, Bebe Daniels, and Katharine Hepburn—and head waiters only know how many others of the cinema-elect—barged into New York within a few days of each other.

It was old-home week done up in sables and emeralds.

Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, and Cary Grant, who arrived at about the same time, might have been just so many pallbearers for all the attention they got.

It was a few chance remarks about rest and seclusion in reference to Joan Crawford and Lilyan that sent me scurrying to a dictionary to see if those words had always meant a frenzied and dizzy scramble.

It seems that Joan has been working very hard for the past six months and that this trip is a vacation. The local Metro-Goldwyn office has orders not to both whose and the Waldorf-Astoria has strict orders <sup>ie</sup> of Gus phone calls, visitors, and salesmen.

# The CHESSBOARD

The kings and queens of movies are juggled around  
for a while and then Destiny takes up a new set.

It's a new year and I have a new set of stars to play with. The stars of the year are the new ones. A new star is born in a costume. **M**onsieur Beaucaire, a spirit in Hell, won in a single year. The new star of the year is **Valentino**. So far he has not been as good as the old Valentino, but he takes the cake. One is **Valentino**, the other is **La Negri**. She is the new star of the year and when he panned the old star, he did not do it alone. **La Negri** is some star. She took first in the **Academy** of Motion Pictures and **Valentino** was second. **La Negri** is the new star of the year and **Valentino** is the old star.

**Valentino** tried to regain his place on the board as a romantic hero in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Mary Brian was favored by the gods in "Peter Pan," although at the time the other girls got the cheers



Once all set for a brilliant career, Aileen Pringle has long been only on the fringe of the game.

**Man**, which was terrible. **Gloria Swanson** made "Forbidden Paradise," which was excellent. **P. H. Natale** made "Peter Pan," which was excellent. **Gloria** made "The Queen's Love Story," which was terrible.

The game between the two greatest stars on the Hollywood chessboard at that time soon dwindled out. Neither is any longer the glamorous star, though **Gloria** is still intermittently starring and **Pola** is trying the stage.

"Peter Pan" brought **Betty Bronson**, **Mary Brian**, and **Esther Ralston** into notice. Most people placed their bets on **Betty**. **Miss Ralston** soon became a

The great event of 1925 was **Pola Negri**'s return to the director after old master, Ernst Lubitsch. The **Lasky** lot buzzed with excitement. **La Negri** was fully convinced that she had been her best star in *Forbidden Paradise* and that **Lubitsch** had directed it. **Papa Lubitsch** has directed in Germany. **Papa Lubitsch** is a great man, with his knowing smile. Their joint efforts turned out "Forbidden Paradise."

**La Negri** was rather happy at the moment. She was deeply in love with **Red La Roppe**. And their



Gloria Swanson still retains her position as movie queen—when she plays at all.

passion seemed strongly to resemble the plot of "Forbidden Paradise."

**Gloria Swanson** had moved to New York. It was a joke in the studio that both stars tried to outdo each other in making similar pictures. **Pola** made "My Man," which was terrible. **Gloria** made "The Humming Bird," which was excellent. **P. H. Natale** made "Forbidden Paradise," which was excellent. **Gloria** made "The Queen's Love Story," which was terrible.

The game between the two greatest stars on the Hollywood chessboard at that time soon dwindled out. Neither is any longer the glamorous star, though **Gloria** is still intermittently starring and **Pola** is trying the stage.

"Peter Pan" brought **Betty Bronson**, **Mary Brian**, and **Esther Ralston** into notice. Most people placed their bets on **Betty**. **Miss Ralston** soon became a

# OF FATE

By William H. McKegg

featured player, then a star. Poor little Mary seemed left out in the cold. But Mary now has the last laugh. She is one of our perennial leading ladies, while Bett has retired and Estelle is inconspicuous.

Lilyan Tashman appeared at this period as dazzling as to day, though a little more ingénueish. She flashed into Hollywood's



The dynamic Pola Negri challenged the supremacy of Gloria in a series of successes and flops—and lost.

chess game with beetle alliance repeats of her days. Rafael Kirschner, an artist, had declared her to be "the most beautiful in the world." Open to double jibes, but *ha* Tashman is still going strong.

That year also saw the sad decline in popularity of Valentino. He had soared to the top in "The Four Horsemen." He represented Sex Money, appearing right after the World War. Poor Raoul Le Gall told the fact that "The Sheik" was his first talkie picture "Blood and Sand," his most worthless effort at least, never gained much notice.

Badly advised, Valentino essayed to return as a romantic hero. He never was that in his true vein. Judy personified the part tender, part brutal, full of "Monsieur Bernacare," "A Sainted Devil," and "Cobra" were all disappointing. Just previous to his passing, he got another move on Hollywood's chessboard by reviving

Picked for her voluptuousness, Claire de Lorez found "Three Weeks" more than just a movie title.



Lilyan Tashman flashed into the game as a sophisticated beauty and is still going strong.



Betty Bronson won instant fame as Peter Pan and then was neglected by fate.

the sheik motif. So did "The Sheik" was popular, but not long. Radclyffe kept it.

Then Claire introduced a new and in the person of Claire de Lorez. She played the part in "Three Weeks" sufficient good, after according to Al Jolson to establish the artist for the Claire was declared "the most voluptuous woman in the screen."

Another brilliant career was professed by Alice Almon for Aileen Pringle, and Miss Pringle played with John Gilbert in "The Heart" and with Valentino Negri in "Three Weeks," the two never agreed with Madame. By the dancing Alice played her wherever she can get away to play.

Comic Griffith made her first starring picture "The Clod" and from then on he career took a slide. The diva she is being considered for musicals.

Dorothy Mackaill came to the fore with George O'Brien in "The Man Who Came Back." It was splendidly acted, though not of the best. Dorothy had beautiful long hair. Judy's next night Duty first a certain something, indicating when she'll be flaxen tresses shown.

The 1925 fans saw nothing in Alice's face. The career of Alice.

# GRAND GUY

That's what his intimates call Cary Grant, and his fans will cheer, for his main purpose right now is to do right by them.

SOMEONE has called Cary Grant "the epitome of Americanism."

Be that as it may, he has one distinction: he is the tallest of Hollywood's stars.

He is an actor who confines his acting to the screen. Of course he is large—over six feet and 170 pounds—but that is not his only claim to stardom. He meets his with a smile, and he is always ready to back it up with a stiff upper lip.

In fact, his gravity and levity, he knows where he's going.

"I'm just a mac mix-up," he will tell you. "I've got to get to get it out. But boy, it's a sweet mix up now. I've got to get it out of it. I can't. Then I wait for the day in southern France and let the rest of the world do it."

"I'm not now I want to do right by all these people on the screen."

Born Archie Leach thirty years ago in Bristol, England, he had days thoroughly situated with middle-class respectability. Electricity first claimed his interest, but this man gave way to a middle-class boy at the theater. He inherited his Thespian instinct from his grandfather, a well-known actor in his day.

At the age of fifteen, Archie Leach came home with a trumpet and a desire to travel. He soon tired of the actor's routine of the vaudeville stage and quit. He hoped to get a job as an actor, but no opportunity presented itself save becoming a lifeguard at Coney Island.

He still kept an eye on the theater, however, and finally got to play at St. Louis's repertoire theater. He played leads in a dozen credits. Then he came

to New York where he struck baton, a double role with Jeanette MacDonald, the soprano for the debut of *One-Third Broadway*. He was a success, a success on the screen, before Alice Ayres died.

He found work on the lot for a long time at Columbia, his favorite task being sword fighting scenes between himself and his doublets of will. He always did his best, and the screen. He smokes very little because he says smoking reduces his weight. He wears high-necked sweaters and greet all and sundry with a flourish on the hand and a "Hi, baby."

By Leroy Keleher

Once groomed to replace Gary Cooper, he combines the lean Montana's wholesome virility with a boyish charm all his own. His one sentimental is centered in the delightful person of Virginia O'Brien. He was the picture of forlornness when that young lady was vacationing in Hawaii.

"A romance?" he grins. "Well, hardly. It's just a very pleasant association." But Hollywood thinks otherwise.

He's one great aversion is the cynic who regards everything as futile. "His blood isn't circulating right," Cary insists. His favorite forms of relaxation are golf, tennis, and music.

Although he is now a full-fledged star, he refuses to assume the trappings of a celluloid god. His only luxury is a flashy car in which he likes to go for long drives alone. Ten years in this country have nearly obliterated his English accent.

He invests all his savings in two haberdashery stores, one in New York and the other in Los Angeles. His tailor, whom he fondly refers to as "Jim," is a clothing manufacturer in Bristol. He is an avid reader and can always discuss intelligently the current best-seller.

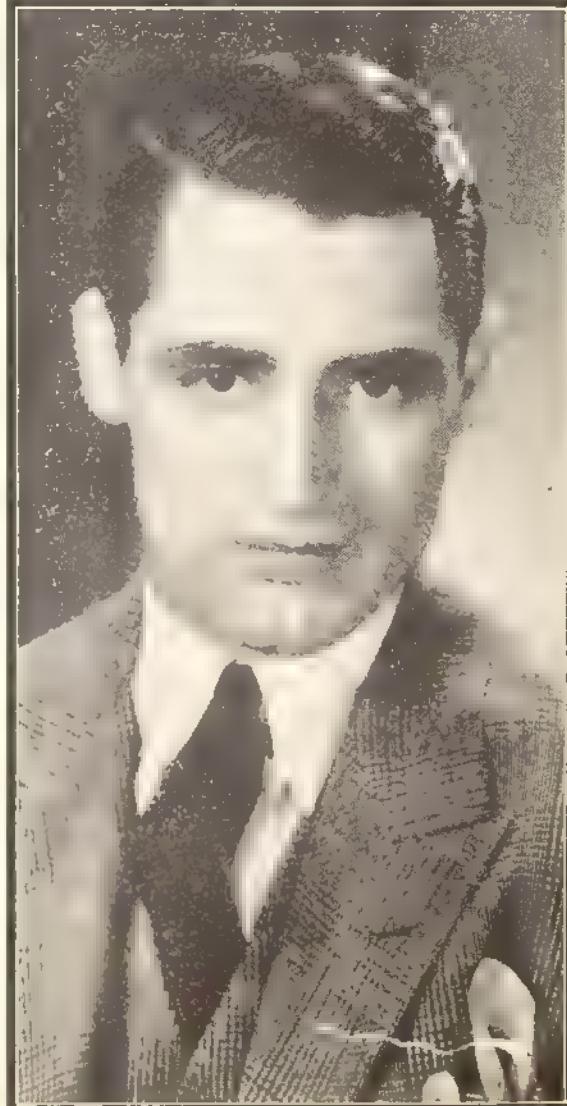
One entire week's salary goes to buy his wardrobe for each picture. He is enthusiasm personified. It radiates from him as power from an electric dynamo. He enjoys concerts and operas, but realizes that people look askance at a he man with highbrow inclinations.

He is not a ladies' man, being equally at ease with both men and women. He admires intelligence and common sense in a woman, and finds the sentimental, clinging vine type unbearable. He likes to go to the beach and munch hamburgers and ride the roller-coaster. He gets a whale of a kick out of his new found success, but he is not kidding himself about its permanency.

He is one player who takes a genuine interest in his fans, and although he isn't the type to acknowledge every letter, he does read the majority of them.

When he first started to work on the Paramount lot, he told the fan mail department, "If I should happen to get a letter or two, for gosh sakes, give them to me. Not that I expect people to write to me. But I've heard that miracles do happen."

Continued on page 61





YOU all know about Cary Grant: his birth in England, his joining a troupe of acrobats, his stilt walking at Coney Island—all this when he was known as Archie Leach. What Leroy Keleher emphasizes on the opposite page is Cary's likableness. That's what you can't get enough of, isn't it? We thought so!



## HAIL, ALL HAIL!

Imperial Garbo returns after these many months to resume her throne, and scatters these views of "Queen Christina" to quiet the tumult among her admirers.



GRETA GARBO is, of course, Queen of Sweden in the film and her tragic romance is with John Gilbert as Don Antonio, who is sent from Spain to plead with her to marry his king. They meet at an inn where the queen, costumed as a boy, conceals her identity until they meet again in the throne room.



# TOPSY-TURVY

This is only an inkling of the strange adventures of "Alice in Wonderland."



CHARLOTTE HENRY as Alice above, has for company Louise Fazenda as the White Queen, left, and Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. The amazing mask in the square photo conceals the handsome features of Alison Skipworth as the Duchess. Roscoe Ates disports as the Fish below and Miss Henry charmingly visualizes Alice herself in the large picture.



THE story is a highly exciting one with a splendid cast which includes, besides Miss Dvorak, Dudley Digges, Claire Dodd, Robert Barat, Sidney Toler, the young newcomer, James C Eagles, and Agnes Naicho, the latter in the poignant role of Mr Barthelme's s

sister.



# THUNDER HORSE

Richard Barthelme, always determined to vary his characterizations, now offers the portrait of an educated, modern Indian in his long line of thoughtful pictures. The new one, entitled "Massacre," has the advantage of Ann Dvorak as the heroine.

# THE WITCH

Another brilliant, compelling performance is due from Katharine Hepburn as a wild girl of the mountains in "Trigger."



TRIGGER HICKS, uncouth, tempestuous, has the gift of healing by prayer, but when she steals a mother's baby in order to cure it and then refuses to part with the infant, she becomes the object of mob violence. The picture was photographed in California's San Jacinta mountains, and Ralph Bellamy is Miss Hepburn's leading man.

# BING and MARION

Mr. Crosby's sense of humor is matched with the incomparable comedy of Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." And won't there be fun!



THIS is an amusing story of the studios with Miss Davies as a girl who, crazy about Mr. Crosby, a crooner, gets a job as maid to the French star in whose film Mr. Crosby is leading man. The story gives Mr. Crosby many opportunities to sing and Miss Davies to sparkle in some of her marvelous imitations.

year in a Hollywood house as on the screen. But stars and their agents are as good as the public in their stamp of approval of its code. This is the "Production Code" of the screen. It is a sophisticated and an amateurish mixture of law and order, of law and that which is not law, and a sort of law in that it is a mixture of some of the code of the country. There is a law of the Gay 90's. This will not be law. It will be strengthened continually. The result of this will be that little code of the law will be strengthened.

James Cagney, Clark Gable, Leo Tracy, Wallace Beery, and their eminent brothers are all well-preserved well-cared-for as Hollywood looks—ambitious, covers sharp, a bulging chest, and blundering diamond in

tonight's belt. Set to help and serve such a hasty explanation as the things he'd done, they made for him all seemed to make John's behavior look worse, perhaps than it really was. His much-publicized attentions to Lupe Velez while at this was one, and his abrupt abandonment of Bobbie's demands, that the were square time these things irritated Hollywood.

It will take the Am color a long time to forgive John. Wessmiller. It isn't what you do, it's who you do it.

Hollywood objects to accusations Hollywood is prone to Garbo and her mystery legend. The city prides itself over the interest the lovely Swede has aroused simply saying nothing. But a flood of a comment critics broke forth when it was announced that Ann Harding and Jean Gwynor were getting the "I" to interview an trait. Ann's husband had been admitted to an in-cell only.

"I'm" said Hollywood. "Doing a get-together. Well, they won't get far with it." As a matter of fact, they didn't, but the good cause to the other short time that this curious reference was doing for more than a good and she left the city in a hurry.

Ann's last visit persuaded Betty to be Ann's friend to be Betty. She told her that she and Leon Belasco were worried when the day came that Hollywood would never have a happy married couple to their happiness.

"I think Garbo said it," Ann said. "Keep the happiness of your life a deep secret. Never let anyone know, because there is nothing in the world that Hollywood re-

## Exit the Speakeasy

Recently Lloyd G. Robin sold his "I" aside the old hat and accompanied his "up and bush" with the hat and coat as a gangster.

Two years ago, you know, a man in a drama revue was always the less successful in a chophouse. Tuxedos, mink coats, and night clubs were always master things in the late 1920's. It is possible that the guy on the screen will have to go to the striped turtle-neck sweater and again consort with molls in short checked skirts.

Look out for the red hero and heroine. He'll be wearing the fine clothes. And penthouses may be occupied by well-cared couples without a spot racket to their name and gangster will go back to the gas-house district.

Herbert Marshall, although he

played a jewel thief recently in "The Solitaire Man," is of the new order, a dandy opposite for the more gracious ladies of the screen. He can look glasses with the best of them. Adolphe Menjou's dapperness belongs to the gentleman gambler element of the past. He can wear tails comfortably and make his way around the Ritz Lobby without turning over the potted rubber plant, but he will always be too well-dressed to interest the new heroine—or the new fans.

To sum it up, the new deal will drastically change the habits of the people, and the screen will change to keep up with the times. Gay musicals and sophisticated comedy-drama are already in; the gangsters are out. And the more civilized a star the better his chances.

## Hollywood's Forbidden Sins

see so much or punishes so inexorably a happy marriage. They simply won't have it. They will destroy it as surely as you let them find out."

That was why Ann and Harry built their house far up in the hills and lived like a pair of recluses. That was why they never went to parties or appeared at openings. They were afraid. Now that her married happiness has been destroyed, despite all their precautions, Ann is afraid even to let Hollywood call her on the telephone.

But Hollywood is annoyed with her. "Ding a Garbo, eh?" says Hollywood, all unaware of the bitterness. Ann must be harboring.

If Hollywood finds it difficult to forgive a happy marriage, it also resents it very much if you decline to marry once in your life.

Joel McCrea was one of our most persistent bachelors for a long time, and he learned how much he was resented. Now that he has obliged us to marry Frances Dee, it may be one of those trying-in-to-fit-him-so-far-as-the-gossips-are-concerned. That is, if you, if we can't trust the testimony of the people who have tried to make us this community!

Gene Ray and his encouraged a strict asceticism at his apparent effort to meet the charms of beautiful and exotic women. And Hollywood is even becoming slightly irritated with Little Mary Brian. Although Mary is the recipient of constant masculine attention, nothing ever seems to come out of it. Hollywood wants engagements, marriages, and soon *after*. Now when Mary is married engaged, Hollywood lifts a lacerated eyebrow and says, "What? Again?"

Marie takes that she wants to marry. But she takes it seriously and doesn't want to until she is sufficiently in love, sufficiently sure of herself, to be willing, even anxious, to give up the screen. Hollywood can't understand an attitude like that, or any one who takes marriage seriously. So the colony is gripped at Mary.

Hollywood can't forgive a decent reticence about your private affairs. You must tell all or you'll catch it. Dick Barthelme told me once that public taunting and nagging ruined his first marriage. He doesn't intend to let it happen a second time. But the indignation he encountered when he tried to separate his domestic life from his professional one was so bitter that he was finally obliged to make compromises.

Joan Bennett has a theory that no actor has a right to expect any privacy. "When a person decides to become an actor he makes a tacit agreement to give himself to his public. He has no right to complain if that public is interested in everything about him. He is literally their property."

Hollywood punishes you for success. No one was ever more maligned, more harshly criticized and unfairly judged than was John Gilbert while he rode the crest. And no one has more friends, more well-wishers, than has Jack at this moment when he is striving for a comeback. I'll wager that Gilbert himself would be very much surprised if he could realize how generally true that is after the punishment he took from the film colony.

Hollywood has no patience with you if you are not a sun worshiper. You must take the pursuit of health in Hollywood—outdoor games—seri-



and yet I have some grand scenes in it, too." Her next, by the way, will be "Should I Go or Should I Stay."

"Which do you prefer—comedy or drama?"

She thought a moment. Nothing Alice says, apparently, is said without first giving it some thought. "Drama," she announced finally. "Last year I did a play in New York called 'Mademoiselle.' It was comedy and I don't mind telling you it wore pretty thin before the end of the run. I often found myself wishing for a good strong curtain scene."

"What strikes you as the most outstanding thing about Hollywood?"

There was another pause, and then, "I think it's the habit people have of addressing every one by his first name the first time they meet

—so I get used to it. We're called and Alice and I do it, too. I know the women in town call them 'the pretties.' I'm popular by calling them 'darlings.'

It's a possible idea, drawn on paper, the value of popularity, or drawn in the human heart, is relatively few who fully understand the surface of it. I can't say I do, but I'm trying to understand it.

A bigger one is a wonder no doubt to all. I've realized it in my own experience, but I'd already kept it sitting up for a hour after she had lived on me down.

I hope you'll be So Long, Alice, it's over all over now. We must do it again sometime."

"Good-bye," she said, "Drop in to me."

## Bound to Rise

Continued from page 34

business helped a couple of other bright boys to get a start in the world.

Gary Cooper and John Barrymore. In fact, the baby of the "royal family" wanted to be a cartoonist instead of an actor, but his funny faces didn't increase circulation. Maybe that's why he enjoys making faces like *Scengali*.

And guess what Ramon Novarro once did for a living. Bus boy in a cafeteria, believe it or not.

Leave it to Victor McLaglen to pick a romantic, he-man job. He prospected for silver in Cobalt, Ontario. He didn't find silver in them there hills but, coming south, he'd discovered gold in the trusty Hollywood.

Handsome? So young like that was Clark Gable's early experience in Texas oil fields and Oregon lumber camps.

James Cagney certainly collected himself some experiences office boy on the New York *Star*, but he wrapped up at Weintraub's, public library assistant, and then a jumpy chorine dancer.

This could go on forever. You see the boy and girls picked odd and esoteric jobs to get a start in the world. And the worst of it, worst the right even go back to slinging fish or a string of fishes—hilling oil or what not.

Yet, the *big*—but I doubt it!

## Grand Guy

Continued from page 4

About seventy per cent of his money comes from girls and women. The rest are written by boys and men, the latter usually in business or professional life.

He always welcomes suggestions concerning his work. In several of his pictures, he had occasion to wear a bathrobe. Now all bathrobes look pretty much alike on the screen. Which may explain why Cary has received dozens of letters concerning the general complaint, "For Pete's sake, why don't you buy yourself another bath robe for a change?"

He likes modernistic paintings, although he confesses he is sometimes in doubt as to what they are all about. He lives with Randolph Scott in a comfortable abode in the Hollywood hills. A real Negro mammy cooks their meals. Cary's relishing good

old fashioned food, so much so that he's got a cook. I believe the other chaps areлагоды

Cary's still in the clutches of a woman of nice品格 but he's seen in the screen for a good long time. He continues to be a man of many faces, however, and the other great Carys are still in the clutches of a woman of nice品格

He's a naturalist in his work or rather, he is one of the few actors who is inclined to talk about himself and to be overpersuaded—*as to everything*—until he's bored.

"You see," he says, "I know a lot about myself that I know a damn well people aren't interested in me."

Yours truly, Cary Grant.

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Sally O'Neil were the other girls. Even in those prehistoric times, Connie had a shrewd business head. Though she was under contract, she started contacting another company, asking a tremendous salary. Then, with this in her grasp, she signed a third agreement for a still bigger wage. And, being the incomparable Bennett, she threw up all offers and married. As you may have heard, La Bennett is still in Hollywood, asking for what she wants and, what's more, getting it!

A sullen-looking young cowboy named Frank J. Cooper played in Westerns at Universal studio, with Hoot Gibson. He did trick riding for Valentino in "The Eagle." Eventually he became Gary Cooper. He soon rose to be the most popular of the strong, silent men. His recent pictures have been weak, but his splendid work in "A Farewell To Arms" showed what he could do, if given a chance.

Of course you remember Emil Jennings. He came and went. Charles Laughton is now king of character actors.

Dolores del Rio flashed into view—beautiful, dazzling, charming. The talkies set her back in the game. "The Bird of Paradise" was her comeback, but many games have been won and lost by dozens of others since Del Rio stepped out.

Buddy Rogers was being pointed out as the hope of Paramount. Buddy's film career was swift and exciting. He is now in stage engagements and radio broadcasting, after an attempt to get back his old place in the game.

Richard Arlen won popularity with Buddy Rogers, in "Wings." Dick has gone along, and is still popular, having improved his acting as he progressed.

Back in New York, a young girl named Anita Pomares played bits. Later she came to Hollywood, and as Anita Page got in the exciting game. Now she seldom appears in a picture.

A boy named James Murray soared to the top in "The Crowd." To-day I keep bumping into him on the Boulevard, a vague expression on his no-longer-boyish face, a puzzled look in his sorrowful eyes.

Looking back at the various studios, some no longer in existence, this chessboard idea is more apparent.

The old Lasky studio on Vine Street has long since been torn down. In the old studio I used to see Bessie Love, Buster Collier, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Alice Joyce, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Betty Bronson, Betty Compson, Florence Vidor, Raymond Griffith, Thomas Meighan, Billie Dove.

All of them except Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Brian, and Warner Baxter, who were also on the lot, are more or less out of the game. And young Fairbanks has left Hollywood. Seven years ago young Doug had just returned to Hollywood. He used to prowl around the lot in white flannels and a multicolored English blazer. He was full of vitality and paid much attention to Betty Bronson. I used to wonder why on earth he ever had been given a break. To-day I wonder otherwise, proving that time changes all things. Warner Baxter has lived through twelve years of upheavals in the Hollywood game. Warner never took on an artistic temperament, he never has worried about what is, or is not, art. Warner is a success and still succeeds.

At M.-G.-M. studio eight years ago were Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Lon Chaney, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Gwen Lee, Alice Terry, Antonio Moreno, and John Gilbert. Also an interesting young newcomer, Helena d'Algy, an Argentine.

First National and United Artists studios were where Paramount is now. Here one came across such popular players as Viola Dana, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Anna Q. Nilsson,

Continued on page 64

## Gary's Woman Trouble

Continued from page 29

A woman who plays opposite other men of Gary's ability, such as Clark Gable, knows she has to fight for the attention of her audience. Clark dominates every possible foot of film, as Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, and Jean Harlow will admiringly testify. But Gary carries his old-fashioned gallantry right up to the camera with him. It doesn't

matter who the lady is, he lets her have the limelight.

In spite of that—or perhaps because of it—he retains his tremendous popularity with fans. Perhaps, after all, Gary's peculiar brand of woman trouble may be good in its ultimate effect. Decidedly there seems to be room for a romantic idealist, lanky Montana style, among the worldly wise or ruthless, predatory hero types now the vogue.



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Continued from page 63

Lloyd Hughes, Eugene O'Brien, and Norma and Constance Talmadge. The tragic Barbara La Marr used to cause palpitations whenever she went to or from her set in making "The White Moth."

Universal boasted of Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Pat O'Malley, Norman Kerry, Marian Nixon, and George Lewis.

Marian Nixon is now taking a new

## The Chessboard of Fate

lease on movie life, and Hoot Gibson still grinds out Westerns.

The old Fox studio pointed a dramatic finger of pride at such luminaries as Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Jacqueline Logan, Leslie Fenton, Madge Bellamy, Olive Borden, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Edmund Lowe, and Barry Norton.

The disappearance of Madge Bellamy has never been clearly understood by her many fans. Like the

disappearance of Barry Norton, it is something to wonder about. However, she is now back in Hollywood.

Warner Brothers had John Barrymore, Clive Brook, Irene Rich, Dolores and Helene Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, and Louise Fazenda—all stars. The unlamented Audrey Ferris appeared later.

Oh, well, 'tis all a chessboard indeed.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

At CINDERS.—Helen Mack's latest is "Chrysalis" with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and George Raft. Ernest Truex and George Stone are five feet three; Richard Barthelmess and Theodore Kosloff, five feet seven; Edward G. Robinson, five feet eight; George Arliss, James Cagney, Paul Muni, Frank Morgan, Chester Morris, Leslie Fenton, Eric Linden, five feet nine.

ANXIOUS FAN.—The late Renée Adorée was born in Lillie, France, September 1, 1900, was five feet two, weighed 105, and had brown hair and eyes. Mary Nolan comes from Louisville, Kentucky, where she was born December 18, 1905; is five feet six, weighs 112, and has blond hair and blue eyes.

W. G. H.—If you don't find the addresses you want in the back of this magazine, it's because the players are freelancing and have no permanent studio address.

ANNA A.—"Who's Who in the Theater" does not list "Daddy Long Legs" as one of the plays in which the late Jeanne Eagles has appeared. The original production of this play took place at the Gaiety Theater, in New York, on September 28, 1914, with a cast of twenty-one, including Ruth Chatterton.

A READER.—No, Marion Davies is not married. Hope this comes to the attention of the right person, for the letter was left unsigned.

M. M. M.—See *Edith Lawrence* for information about David Manners. Write to him in care of Paramount.

LOUISE K.—Lee Tracy is a native of Atlanta, Georgia, and will be thirty-six

on April 14th. Your questions about Jean Harlow and Frankie Darro have been covered elsewhere in this department.

BILL AND FRANK.—"Living in a Big Way" is Jean Harlow's next. Marie Dressler also is in the cast. Irene Dunne in "Age of Innocence." A list of fan clubs will be sent to you upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THERESA.—Katharine Hepburn is one of the outstanding stars of the year. After you have seen "Little Women," watch for her in "Trigger," with Ralph Bellamy and Robert Young. Dorothea Wieck is now making "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

ED WOOD.—These players come from Ohio: Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Bill Boyd, Ralph Graves, Joe E. Brown, Robert Woolsey. Gable has been lent to Columbia for the lead in "Night Bus."

RIEL YOUNG.—Cheer up, for Lilian Harvey is still with Fox, and you will be seeing her soon in "The Lottery Lover." Her American films include "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness," and "I Am Suzanne." Helen Hayes and Billie Burke are two outstanding stars who hail from Washington, D. C.

C. C. N.—Elissa Landi is now under contract to Columbia. Jean Parker's latest is "Wild Birds." She is with Metro-Goldwyn.

INQUISITIVE.—The cast of "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," includes Charles Farrell, Wynne Gibson, William Gargan, Zasu Pitts, Betty Furness, and Blanche Friderici. The film was adapted from a play by Joseph Kesserling, and directed by Mark Sandrich.

J. K. D.—Elizabeth Allan was born in Skegness, England, twenty-six years ago. Her marriage name is O'Brien. Young David Durand was born in Los Angeles on September 29, 1921, and has dark-brown hair and brown eyes. Ann Dvorak is married to Leslie Fenton. Kay Francis in real life is Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna.

ATTENTION.—The president of the John Boles Music Club would like to hear from all fans interested in seeing this player in more musicals. Address Miss Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

LARISE GEORGE.—All your questions have been answered above. Write in any time you are puzzled.

J. V. H.—The Robert Montgomerys (Elizabeth Allen) were married in 1928. Their first child, Martha, born in 1931, died in its first year. When a second daughter, Elizabeth, arrived on the 16th of last April, every one was happy. Richard Dix's baby girl was born on January 26th of this year.

FRANCES FAIRBANKS.—Mary Brian was born on February 17, 1908; Jean Arthur, October 17, 1908; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., December 9, 1907; Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., May 23, 1883.

M. N.—Perhaps the publicity department of Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., New York City, can identify the extra to whom you refer in "College Humor."

ELMORE JOHNSON.—I haven't the casts of the stage shows you mention, but if there are any casts of pictures which you would like, send me a stamped envelope and I'll be glad to oblige. Bernice Claire was born March 22, 1909, in Oakland, California.

## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

ing clews and running them down has never been shown in detail as profuse and authoritative. Strangely, the murder, suspects, and detectives are not nearly so interesting. This leaves the picture virtually without suspense.

George Brent, as a lieutenant of detectives, sets out to find the murderer of a blackmailer and his investigations show that several persons had reason to wish him out of the way and all of them visited him on the night of the crime. Among the callers was Margaret Lindsay, an actress to whom Mr. Brent is ro-

mantically inclined. Eugene Pallette, as *Sergeant Boggs*, is as sure she killed the man as Mr. Brent is certain she did not. Hence a friendly battle between accuser and defender which keeps the film going.

Mr. Brent's tiff with Warner Brothers over routine rôles is justified in this assignment.

### "Blood Money."

George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler. Director: Rowland Brown.

The return of George Bancroft to the screen after several years is

robbed of significance by a ramshackle vehicle. For the same reason the screen début of Judith Anderson, one of Broadway's important luminaries, is unfortunate. Still another player, Frances Dee, gets a terrible break. Her balanced intelligence is at odds with a rôle that is as silly as it is offensive, a thrill-hunting society girl who shoplifts for fun, has a social urge for crooks and seeks a man who is said to attack girls who answer his help-wanted ads. The part is a strange choice for a nice actress who, one hears, is very careful of what she plays. But the weak-



# NICK CARTER

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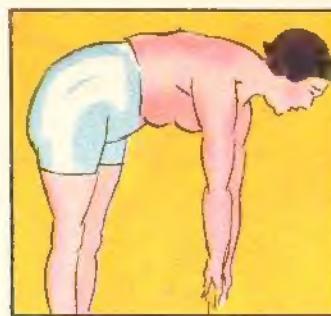
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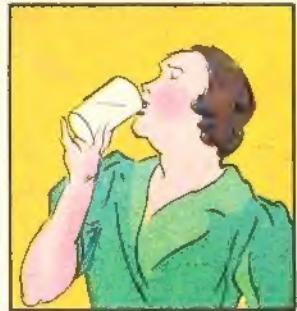
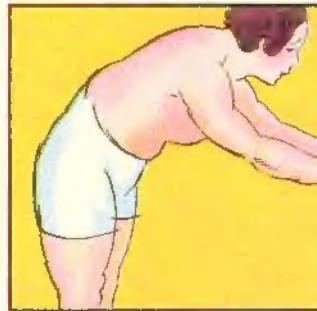
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